



Let us talk less and do more.  
Educate the southern white man.  
Make places for yourselves, young people.  
The Boss on Guardian—but what's the use?

The anarchist and lyncher are cut from the same cloth.

The best education is that which brings the best results.

The fittest will survive. No race or country can escape the natural law.

White illiteracy is a greater barrier to southern progress than Negro criminality.

A knowledge of the race's achievement are essential to race pride. Read a first class Negro paper.

It is a sign of progress that so many of our journals are ceasing to be party organs and becoming newspapers.

Our churches would exert wider influence by refusing to let their auditoriums for questionable entertainments.

Holding office is a pleasure not to be sneezed at, but no man ever rose to eminence whose soul was tied to a minor clerkship.

Sensible Negroes are reaching the conclusion that an out-and-out democrat of the better class is preferable to a hilly white republican.

Contentment is a foe to progress. The Negro's restless ambition and ceaseless agitation are his strongest impulses toward advancement.

We suggest that when Miss Stone recovers from the excitement of her adventure with Bulgarian brigands that she "cut out" the foreign sinners and devote her missionary talents to the untamed savages of South Carolina.

The sympathy of the entire country is extended to Bishop Alexander Walters in his sad bereavement. His deceased wife was a woman of rare personal qualities and a useful worker for the uplift of humanity.

We are glad to learn from the Belton, (Texas) Recorder that the President has appointed a "respectable white man" as postmaster at Athens, Ga. The admission that there are at least two kinds of white men is something of a concession.

Markets are cold-blooded institutions. There is no color prejudice in good butter, well-made shoes or a glove fitting suit of clothes. If the Negro would survive, he must keep up with the fastidious demands of the age, and be able to compete with the best.

Ernest Hogan's bravery in challenging the Hawaiian prince to fight a duel is unquestioned, but the Kansas City Star shudders to think what a mean advantage the royal gentleman might have taken of Hogan had he exercised his prerogative as to weapons and chosen bows and arrows.

We must put more skill and brains into the ordinary pursuits or they are lost to the race. Domestic service is a science, and the most capable will al-

ways be sure of a position at good wages. A janitor who knows about steam heat, atmospheric conditions and electricity can command more salary than a slow coach tinker who has to be told everything by somebody else.

### THE MAN-ON-THE-CORNER.

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for instance, who can furnish a comprehensive diagram of the exact kinship existing among the many members of such families as the Wormleys, the Syphaxes, the Douglasses, the Washingtons, the Cardozos, and the Cooks? And there are others.

The other morning a friend of ours got on an Eleventh street car at the Lincoln Temple corner. Usually affable, his preoccupied manner and morose silence attracted a close inspection. His hat was battered, his face was scratched in two places, there was a split in his upper lip, his coat was torn, and his trousers were badly wrinkled. Warming up to him, we suggested sympathetically: "Been doing an early morning football stunt, old man?"

"Nawp."

"Stovepipe fall down on you?"

"Nawp."

"Slipped up on the pavement?"

"Nawp."

"Initiated into a lodge last night?"

"Nawp."

"Well, how in the—name of common sense did you get 'up against it' so good and hard?"

"Nothing much. Just tried to rescue my landlady from the brutal clutches of an intoxicated husband. That's all! My finish came when she saw us clinch."

Moral—When a man and wife see fit to indulge a little family diversion the interference of an outsider is dangerous—to the outsider.

Visitors to the District Building, no matter what their errand, invariably stop and take a second glance at two very distinguished looking colored men. They are Messrs. David Warner, of the tax collector's office, and W. D. Montague, assistant assessor. Gentlemanly in demeanor, easy of address, without being familiar, both have become immensely popular with their chief and associates, and are respected everywhere by the people regardless of color. Their ability is rated No. 1, plus. As they appear so youthful it might be unfair to tell how long they have held down desks in the government service, but, suffice it to say, if you search the records from the opening of President Grant's administration, you will not antedate the advent of either very many moons.

The tax collector is Mr. E. G. Davis, and Mr. Warner never tires of commending the liberal attitude and broad generosity he has always maintained toward the colored people of the District. It happens that Mr. Davis is a Democrat, but his uniform kindness and cordiality in dealing with us demonstrates unequivocally, that hearts are not regulated by party lines—true manhood is not set by the mark of political cleavage. He thinks the world of Mr. Warner and has the fullest confidence in his judgment and integrity. The latter's duties cover the handling of bids, contracts and settlements concerning street paving and public improvements of many kinds. Frequently, during a single year, a million dollars in actual cash, pass through his hands. Mr. Warner is thrifty, and has so managed his finances that if an inventory were taken, we don't believe he could record his possessions with less than five figures, and the first digit would represent more than the number of meals a hearty man is supposed to eat each day.

Mr. Montague's official standing is told when Mr. Warner's is described. They are so much together that you will find it difficult to "tell them apart"—an explanation folder goes with this joke. Mr. Montague is strictly temperate, although his business deals with the issuance of liquor licenses. He fills in the blanks himself, so should any of you enter a rathskeller and take a peep at the insignia of legal authority, that beautiful and masterly chirography is the contribution of Mr. Montague to "high art." He can write O'Hooligan, Saga-

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